

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is holy, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth
bear

A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are finished before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calmer beauty and a power
That morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

Until the Evening we must weep and toll—
Plead life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil—
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide,
Like Summer Evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

Two men sat together in a room in one of the finest residences on a fashionable New York street, one Summer night. One of them was a well-preserved gentleman of perhaps fifty-five years, and from his air and dress, it was easy to tell that he was used to moving in the higher circles of society.

The other was of nearly the same age, but there was something in his face, and a sort of dry atmosphere clinging to him, like that indescribable influence which always seems to surround a book from a library, that told he was a man whose years had been spent among bills and ledgers.

The careless observer would have told you that his life had settled down into such a routine that he had no ambition beyond the careful keeping of his books, that his ideas were confined to bill and invoice, and casting up long columns of figures.

But the careful reader of men's faces would have told you that there was a peculiar look of waiting for something in his face. He was biding his time.

John Warfield, merchant prince and host, poured out two glasses of wine from the glittering decanter on the table, and motioned John Warne, clerk, and visitor—by express and urgent invitation—to drink with him. And they drank silently.

Then there was a long and painful pause. John Warfield was pale with whatever thoughts were at work in his bosom. Very pale. He was restless, and paced to and fro for many minutes, while John Warne waited patiently for whatever was to be said.

Suddenly the merchant stopped before the clerk.

"You have sworn, by your hope of heaven, by all you consider binding upon your soul, to never reveal one word of the conversation that takes place between us to-night?"

"Yes," answered Warne, "I have sworn."

"There is no use in beating round the bush," cried Warfield, his hands working nervously, and his face growing paler, as if he were drawing nearer to something frightful. "I am on the brink of financial ruin, Warne—you know that."

"Yes, I know it," answered Warne.

"There is only one way out of it," said Warfield, ghastly white now.

He was very near the hideous thing that frightened his thoughts.

"And that way?"

"A death," answered the merchant, hoarsely.

"You don't mean to take your own life!" cried the clerk, startled for a moment out of his usual composure.

"Of course not," answered Warfield. "You know that my brother left a large fortune to his only child. She stands between me and that fortune to-day. If she were dead, I should come into possession of it immediately. You begin to understand, I think?"

"I think I do," answered the clerk, a trifle pale. "It is her death that you refer to?"

"Exactly, Warne. If she were to die I am saved. She must be got out of the way. You must do it for me. For years I have kept your secret. No one in the world, save you and I, know who forged those drafts twenty-five years ago. No one but you and I will know how Catherine Oran goes out of the world. I will give you ten thousand dollars when the deed is done. Is it a bargain?"

"It is murder!" cried Warne, pale as death. "I can't do it. Get some one else."

"I can trust no one else," said Warfield, desperately. "Do you want to spend the remainder of your life in a prison-cell? You shall, so help me God, if you refuse to help me now! If I go to ruin, you shall go to the punishment I have shielded you from. There is no risk to ruin. She is at school with my daughter—at a private institution on the seashore, fifty miles out of town. You can go down there—and get her out of

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1876.

NUMBER 45.

the way easily enough, without being detected. I have heard you say, time and again, that you believed in no hereafter. What is there so dreadful in doing this, then? It is merely sending her to her grave sooner than she would otherwise go. She will be better off dead than living."

"She is there with your daughter, you say?"

Warne's voice sounded strange to himself, and far away. His face had lost some of its old apathy.

"Yes; it is a wild, lonely place. You will know her by her resemblance to my daughter. Is it a bargain?"

"It is a bargain!" answered John Warne, hoarsely, rising from his seat. His eyes were full of a strange fire; the time he had waited for five and twenty years was near at hand at last.

"The wine seems to have got into your head," laughed Warfield, nervously. "Will you have another glass, Warne?"

"No more, thank you," answered the old clerk. "It isn't wine that has got into my head, Warfield; it is something that has been there a long time. It has roused itself to-night. Is there anything more to be said between us?"

"No," answered Warfield. "You understand my wishes; be careful, Warne, and sure!"

"Good-night!" and the clerk bowed himself out.

"Revenge is sweet, they say!" he whispered, in the street. "I shall find it if he be so. Oh, John Warfield, I have waited for something—I hardly knew what—for years. I never dreamed of such a grand opportunity as this!"

A wild, wet day. The waves screamed in mad glee against the cruel rocks, and the sky was like a pall. The gulls circled in the chill, gray atmosphere, crying harshly and discordantly.

"I wonder if she will come!"

The man who whispered this query to the winds peered out from behind the rock where he was hidden, anxiously.

"She got my message, I know. Poor fool! she thinks she is coming to meet her lover, but she will meet death!"

John Warne shivered. It might have been with cold—it might have been with terror. But he thought of revenge, and his face was as hard and pitiless as fate.

She came, presently; he saw her coming down the sandy shore, with the wind blowing her yellow hair all about her face, and an expectant look in her eyes. The sight of her innocent young face and the thought of what he was there to do, struck him to the heart with a sudden pain, like a dagger thrust; but a face as fair as hers came between him and the sight of her, and crushed every vestige of pity out of his heart.

She passed the rock without seeing him. He came behind her noiselessly; he threw her cloak over her head with a sudden movement and drew it down tightly about her mouth before she could cry out; the folds of it pinioned her arms like cords.

He dragged her down to the water's edge. He dragged her out into the cruel waves, and with an iron grip upon the folds which prisoned her so securely, he thrust her down beneath the flood and held her there.

There was a wild, fierce struggle for life and liberty, but it was a vain one. His hold was not to be shaken off. It was death to her. It was revenge to him.

Pretty soon it was all over. He dragged the unresisting form back to the shore, and dropped it on the wet sands.

He never stopped to look at the face beneath the dripping garment that had slung out the world forever, but strode away across the sands, a vagabond and outcast on the face of the earth forevermore. But he had had his revenge.

* * * * *

"A telegram, sir."

John Warfield clutched the paper with fingers that shook like aspen leaves. His face was frightfully pale. He tore it open and read:

"We have bad news for you. A terrible accident has happened. Come immediately."

He knew who and where it was from without looking at the signature.

Half an hour later the southward-going train bore him out of the city.

An hour after that, he was standing at the door of the Pensionnat des Demoiselles, where his daughter and niece had spent

the last two years of their lives. He rang the bell, and stood there, in the chill, gray mist of the dreary morning, waiting with a pale and frightened face—for what?

A hurry of footsteps in the hall. The door was opened by a girl with yellow hair and a white, tear-stained face.

"Oh, Uncle John!" she cried and burst into tears. "It is so terrible."

The man's face was ghastly with sudden terror. His teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak.

"I thought it was you!" he cried, hoarsely, at last. "Where is Cecile?"

He clutched her arm so fiercely that she cried out with pain.

"She is in the parlor," the girl answered, sobbing. "Do you want to see her now?"

He put his hands to his head in a sort of dazed way. It seemed to be whirling round and round, and he was trying to stop it.

"I—I must be a little wild," he said, as if he hardly knew what he was saying. "Cecile is in the parlor, you say? Is she well? Does she know that I am coming?"

"Oh, Uncle John!" cried Catherine Oran with a great sob. "Don't you know? Cecile is dead!"

He never answered her. He put out his hands, as if to grasp at something to steady himself by, but found nothing; and, with a gasping cry, he fell face downward to the floor.

* * * * *

That afternoon this letter was put into John Warfield's hands:

"I have waited for twenty-five years for revenge. You have thought that I never found out your secret; you have thought that no living person, save yourself, knew that my sister's life was ruined and her heart broken by you. But you were wrong. How I learned the fact matters not. But I swore to be revenged. You had no mercy for your victim; I have had none for mine. You thought to end an innocent life that stood between you and your selfish ambition. I have taken an innocent life, and sacrificed my soul for the revenge that I have been waiting for. When you know that I have made no mistake in doing what I have done, but that I intended to do it from the first as it has been done, think of the ruin you have wrought so long ago, and say, if you can, that my revenge is not complete."

* * * * *

To-day John Warfield looks out upon a little strip of God's green earth from behind the bars of a madman's cell; and to-day John Warne wanders up and down the world, a haunted, remorseful man. He is under the shadow of the curse of Cain; for him there is no rest here nor hereafter.

A Strange Capture.

Nathan gave a start, opened his eyes, yawned, stretched his long limbs, and then looked sleepily at Abby.

"Is thee going to let science keep thee up all night, Abby?" he asked.

Abby glanced at the clock on the mantel.

"Why, it is late!" she exclaimed briskly. "Go to bed, Nathan, don't wait for me. I want to finish reading this little treatise on electricity."

Nathan placed his hands on the arms of his chair, and lifted himself with sleepy indifference.

Suddenly his countenance changed, and a quick exclamation parted his lips.

"Ah, thee's got that kink in thy back again, has thee?" cried Abby, as she raised her eyes and pushed aside her book. "A little galvanism won't hurt thee. Come into the treating room."

As she spoke, she rose and drew aside the curtains shutting out a neat little room.

Nathan followed her, and in a few minutes a sharp whirr and various remarks proclaimed that the old gentleman was under treatment.

"Well, how does thee feel now?" inquired Abby, as they re-entered the sitting room at the end of half an hour.

"Just like a young man, Abby, just like a young man," answered Nathan, twisting himself to prove the limberness of his back. "I feel twice as strong and wide awake. I'll sit down and keep thee company awhile."

"No, no," hastily objected Abby. "Don't use up what I've given thee, go to bed and sleep on it."

"Well, well, Abby, just as thee says. Thee's a wonderful woman, and thy galvanism's a wonderful thing for a kink in the back."

And with a pleasant "good night," Nathan lit his candle and stalked off.

Abby at once settled herself to the perusal of her book again.

An hour passed, and still she pored over the pages, an hour in which a pair of watchful eyes had been keenly regarding her from the partially opened door of a closet behind her.

At the end of that time, a bulky, bare-footed fellow stole noiselessly out, and with stealthy footsteps, crept close to the back of her chair.

The next instant he slapped one hand over her mouth, and pressed the other on her shoulder.

"See here, Mrs. Abby," he said, gruffly, "I've got something to say to you, and I want you to say something to me. No, if I take my hand off your mouth, will you holler! I'll give you a minute to make up your mind, so be quick. Will you holler, Mrs. Abby?" he presently asked.

He lifted his hand a hair's breadth at the first admonition, and Abby replied in a smothered tone—

"Neighbor, thee needn't say 'Mrs.' to me. We friends don't approve of vain—"

"Shut up your nonsense!" angrily exclaimed the man, with an admonishing shake of the shoulder he held. "Will you holler, I say?"

Abby's smothered tones indicated a natural spirit.

"Thee's very rude, neighbor, and I'd be much obliged if thee'd take thy nasty, dirty hand off my mouth."

"Will you holler, I say?" responded the inate questioner.

"Well," Abby deliberately answered, in her unimpressive, smothered accents; "I dare say I shall cry out loud enough if thee hurts me."

"I won't hurt you."

"Then I won't scream," promptly promised Abby, "and now take away thy hand."

He took it away, and she turned round and added severely, as she settled the immaculate Quaker cap, disturbed by the rough usage she had received—

"Neighbor, I've never felt any call to preach, but it presents itself to me to warn thee that thee is on the broad road to—"

"Maybe preachin' ain't your call," he interrupted, irreverently; "but doctorin' is, and that's the reason I didn't wait, and let you get away from this room before I commenced business."

"And what is thy business?" severely asked Abby, still undaunted, though her face was a shade or two paler than usual.

"To help myself to your solid Quaker silver," laughed the fellow. "But that ain't the thing just now. The truth is that like Nathan, I've got a kink in my back, and it's been a bother to me, seein' that two or three times it come precious near putting me in limbo. Now I want you to take it out with that thing over yonder; so come along, for I ain't got no time to lose."

"Well, thee's a brazen fellow, I declare!" replied Abby, with added severity, as she gazed at him for a moment.

Then rising, she led the way to the room, remarking, more mildly—

"But as it's my call to do what I can for the suffering, let them be good or bad, and also to return good for evil, I'll do what I can for thee."

And with quick, ready hands, she made her preparations, talking briskly the while.

"This galvanism, neighbor, is a wonderful thing, as Nathan declares. It is now many years since I became interested in electricity, and I have been favored to do a great deal of good thereby, and have scarcely a doubt that I shall be enabled to aid thee very materially. Does thee know anything about the treatment?"

"Not a thing," returned the burglar. "I only know that Nathan said it helped him, and I want to be served just as you served Nathan. If it helped him, why shouldn't it help me?"

"True, true," responded Abby; "so just sit down here, and thee will be helped just as much as if thee were gifted with my knowledge. And now slip thy feet into these stationary metal slippers, if thee please," she added, as she knelt before him, "and I will pass these little wires back of thy heel and

on thy foot, so as to keep thy foot steady," continuing, as her patient obeyed instructions; "this slipper arrangement is an invention of my own, thee must know, neighbor, and I am very proud of it, I assure thee. And now for thy hands."

And springing actively to her feet, she caught up the electrodes, and placing them in his hands, said—

"Now, hold these—so—and I will administer a nice, little current."

"Well, it does make a fellow feel good all over, I vow!" suddenly exclaimed Abby's patient, after a short interval. "Nathan's no fool. I say, give me enough to cure me up. Don't be afraid of wastin'."

"Oh, yes," answered Abby, as she turned over the contents of a table drawer; "but where in the world have I put that sponge? Oh, yes—oh, yes; I remember now. It's in the dining-room. I'll add a little to the strength of this current, and then bring it in a twinkling—"

Before she had finished the sentence, the patient called out lustily—

"Stop your current, I say! It's twistin' me into the middle of next week. Stop it, I say!"

"Neighbor, thee's too impatient," Abby placidly returned, as she strengthened it a trifle more. "It's none too severe for thy case. If I am to treat thee, I must be allowed to judge for thee."

"But I tell you—"

"Now, neighbor, be quiet, and get the good of thy treatment," returned Abby, placidly as before.

"Stop your current, and let me go!" gasped the writhing patient, with a fierce jerk of the arms.

"Neighbor, neighbor, neighbor!" replied Abby, with still unruffled placidity, "thy words are most unseemly. Use them not. Neither should thee exhaust thyself jerking at those wires. They are quite long for thee to—"

"Stop your current!" interrupted the fellow, furiously.

"So I will, my poor fellow," answered Abby, with a pitying accent; "but first I must get the sponge. Just thee be patient a little while, and I'll weaken the current as soon as I get back."

Lifting her two plump hands to straighten her cap, she hurried off, a volley of fierce oaths rolling harmlessly behind her from the mouth of her unhappy patient.

With quick steps she left the room, and passing through the sitting room, stepped into the hall. In another moment she was at the front door, peering up and down the street.

"Ah, for a wonder, there is one in sight," she exclaimed, presently, and ran down the steps and up the street.

"Policeman, thee is needed," she panted, hurriedly seizing the uniformed individual by the arm. "Come with me, if thee please. I have a prisoner for thee."

And she hurried him unceremoniously into the house. As they crossed the hall, she whispered—

"Just wait till I get the sponge. I must keep my word, thee knows."

In a few moments she returned, and preceded the policeman into the presence of her unhappy patient, commencing mildly—

"Neighbor—"

"Stop your confounded 'neighborin', and weaken your current!" roared the patient.

"In one minute, neighbor," promised placid Abby, adding as she signalled the policeman to approach—

"I've got the sponge, and something better. Here are a nice pair of hand cuffs for thee, my friend. Adjust them, if thee please, policeman, and let me relieve the poor fellow. When that is done, I'll find his boots."

So the handcuffs were adjusted, and in a few minutes the crestfallen prisoner marched off, Abby saying as she put away her book—

"I can't finish it to-night. These interruptions are very trying. I've lost the best part of the twenty-four hours," adding, as she carefully removed and inspected her cap—

"Yes, just as I expected; he has smashed the whole crown of my cap—my clean, new cap—and Nathan doth hate a crumpled cap!"

Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks so he will act.

A Fashionable Lady's Prayer.

Strengthen my husband, and may his faith and his money hold out to the last.

Draw the lamb's wool of unsuspecting twilight over his eyes that my flirtations may look to him like victories, and that my bills may strengthen his pride in me.

Bless, O, Fortune! my crimps, rats and frizzles, and let thy glory shine on my paint and powder.

Enable the poor to shift for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars.

Shed the light on my camel's hair shawl, my lavender silk, my point lace and my necklace of diamonds, and keep the moths out of my sable, I beseech thee, O, Fortune!

When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wiggle, and add new grace to my gait.

When I bow myself to worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lily-white of my flesh and the taper of my fingers.

Destroy mine enemies with the gall of jealousy, and eat up with the teeth of envy all those who gaze at my style.

Save me from wrinkles, and foster my plumpness.

Fill both my eyes with the plaintive poison of infatuation, that I may lay out my victims—the men—as numb as images graven.

Let the lily and the rose strive together in my cheek, and may my neck swim like a goose on the bosom of the crystal water.

Enable me, O, Fortune, to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from all corns and bunions.

Bless Fann, my lapdog, and rain down hailstones and destruction upon those who shall hurt Hector, my kitten.

Smile, O, Fortune, most sweetly upon Dick, my canary, and watch over with the fondness of a ghost my two lily-white mice with red eyes.

The Gulf Stream.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water.

Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out as the Carolina coasts, are of indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that the line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common waters of the sea. In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious wood of the Amazon and Orinoco.

Grindstones are considered safe property to invest in; because if you cannot sell them for cash you can always turn them.

LITERAL TRANSLATIONS.—It is not surprising that foreigners occasionally fail to catch all the delicate shades of meaning belonging to our words, and some of their mistakes are laughable. Of such a character was the remark of a Frenchman, who finding that ferment meant "to work," said he loved to ferment in the garden; and of another who asked at a lawyer's office for a "shall," meaning a will. Still another said, "I love de horse, do sheep, do dog, do cat, in short every thing that is beastly." Shakespeare's line, "Out, brief candle," was translated literally by a Parisian author, "Get out, you short candle!" and the expression, "With my sword I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my fortune cutting meat," one of the meanings to carve being "to cut meat."

All is hollow where the heart bears not a part, and all is peril where principle is not the guide.

"Turning Points in Life."

The Rev. Frederick Arnold, in his capital book of this name, thus happily illustrates the difference between the "Providence that shapes our ends" and what men call "luck" and "chance."

"What we call a 'turning point' is simply an occasion which sums up and brings to a result previous training. Accidental circumstances are nothing except to men who have been trained to take advantage of them. Erskine made himself famous when the chance came to him of making a great forensic display; but unless he had trained himself for the chance, the chance would only have made him ridiculous.

"There is the story told of some gentleman, who, on a battle-field, happening to bow with much grace to some officer who addressed him, a cannon ball just went through his hair, and took of the head of the one behind him. The officer, when he saw the marvelous escape, justly observed that no man ever lost by politeness.

"There is a man in Berkshire, England, who has a park with a walled frontage of seven miles, and he tells us of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune. He was in Australia when the first discoveries of gold were made. The miners brought in their nuggets and took them to the local banks. The bankers were a little nervous about the business, and waited to see its character established. This man had a taste for natural sciences and knew something about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, and then, with all the money he had or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed as profit a hundred thousand pounds in the course of a day or two. His 'luck' was observation and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them. "The late Joseph Hume went out to India, and while he was still a young man he accumulated a considerable fortune. He applied himself to the hard work of mastering the native languages, and turned the knowledge to most profitable account. On one occasion, when all the gunpowder had failed the British army, he succeeded in scraping together a large amount of

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Rates of advertising made known upon
application.
MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on
receipt of five cents.

Notice of Religious Services.

If God will, I expect to hold a service
for deaf-mutes at St. John's Church, in
Cincinnati, Ohio, on Sunday, November
19th, in the afternoon, at the usual hour.
A cordial invitation to attend is extended
to the deaf-mutes of the city and
vicinity.

A. W. MANN.

The deaf-mutes of Brooklyn and
vicinity are invited to be present in St.
Mary's Church, Clason Avenue, near
Willoughby, on Sunday afternoon, the
12th inst. Miss Clapp will resume the
Bible class at 3 o'clock, and there will be
a service at 4 o'clock.

A Deserving Charity.

The friends of the Home for Aged
and Infirm Deaf-mutes, will please bear
in mind the Annual Reception's Sale,
which will take place at the Home, 220
East 13th St., New York, on Wednes-
day, November 22d.

The Intermarriage of Deaf-Mutes

A REQUEST.

The theory that intermarriage among
deaf-mutes is a prolific source of deafness,
would seem to have received additional
strength from remarks by certain gentle-
men at the Philadelphia Conference of
Principals. In order to supplement the
information on the subject in our hands,
we respectfully ask the Principal, or
some obliging officer of every Institution
or school for deaf-mutes reached by the
JOURNAL, to forward to one of the Asso-
ciate Editors, Fort Lewis Seliney, Rome,
New York, the number of pupils in such
establishment, who are, as far as known,
children of deaf parents.

We also invite every reader of the
JOURNAL to send to the same address
any facts coming under his observation,
bearing on the point at issue.

This is a subject of much importance
and interest, for light upon which the
JOURNAL craves, and which it will grate-
fully and sincerely acknowledge.

A New Mission.

The irrepressible longing for that pec-
uliar institution, the deaf-mute society,
association, relief bureau, or what not, is
coming to the surface once more, in a
certain part of the country, famous for
its mushroom growths in this respect.

It was not so very long ago, that we
chronicled the unhappy end of the last
of these local organizations, and the com-
plete defeat of the once dominant party.
Since then things have worn a look of
peace and good will, as a general thing,
though a few private scores were here
and there settled with more or less pub-
licity.

An enterprise which received the sanc-
tion and aid of prominent local men,
the name of one of whom means philan-
thropy, and which must, therefore, be
classed among the praiseworthy objects
of the times, received, apparently a fresh
impetus from the down fall of the last
of a long generation of "societies" and
"bureaus," and its objects, at latest advices,
were represented as in a fair way of at-
tainment.

Now, all of a sudden, comes the news
that at a meeting of the deaf-mutes of
the vicinity, an effort was made to or-
ganize a new association, including this
time, most that had gone before, to wit:
"A Relief Bureau" and "Mission." The
audience, unimpaired of past experiences,
are represented as wishing the formation
of some society or other, but, at the same
time, strong in their objection to a cer-
tain person notorious as a *soi-disant*
leader. The average deaf-mute audience
of almost any other locality would have
put a finale on this officious functionary
on the spot, or at least taken the spirit
of leadership forever out of him. Not so
the members of this assemblage. It is
even recorded that it required an effort
to get the floor, but this being done, a
protest was made which had exactly the
result the *soi-disant* wanted—the meet-
ing broke up in confusion.

Accordingly no one will be surprised
to hear that soon after, the *soi-disant*
aforesaid, called together the select
of the true and faithful, closed all means
of ingress and egress, and went into the
business of organization to his heart's
content.

A new "Mission" is therefore set upon
its legs in the city of Boston. It is an
outcome of superior tactics, small though
they be, on the part of the minority. It
remains to be seen what the majority are
going to do about it.

Thomas Jefferson Was Right.

It seems that the idea of a Deaf-mute
College originated many years ago. Ac-
cording to one of our correspondents, it
was in 1816; sometime before the pio-
neer work of deaf-mute instruction was
begun in New England. The Central
College, a Virginian Institution of learn-
ing, now known as the University of
Virginia, was about to be established at
Charlottesville, and a Mr. Cabell conceiv-
ed the idea of utilizing a part of it to deaf-
mute purposes, and to establish a pro-
fessorship—Braidwood of England, then
in America engaged in deaf-mute work
on a small scale, to have the chair. The idea
was broached to that staunch American
statesman, Thomas Jefferson, who at once
threw cold water on the whole plan.

The idea, however laudable in the ab-
stract, was a move very far in advance
of the age. It could not have been a
success under any circumstances, and
this the wise Jefferson very well knew.

Even after the lapse of years, with in-
stitutions for the deaf all over the coun-
try, it was very nearly half a century be-
fore a second successful attempt was made
to advance the higher education of the
deaf, by a separate institution with col-
legiate title and powers. Doubtless the
era has arrived when this should be so,
and, though some good men are still open
in their opposition to it, the majority
of the others are acknowledging its utility.
The possibilities of the National
Deaf-mute College of to-day, are immense
compared with those of the proposed one
fifty years ago. Yet with the work of
the institutions of the country, regard-
ing the collegiate fitness of their gradu-
ates, these possibilities do seem rather
limited, when we look at the case of a
deaf-mute attending, for years, one of
our oldest institutions, and when gradu-
ating, receiving the highest honors pos-
sible for the school to bestow, entering
the College to be put into the lowest di-
vision of the preparatory class. Thom-
as Jefferson was right.

The Itomizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to as-
sociations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for
the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends
and readers will keep us supplied with items for
this column; mark items so sent: *The Itomizer*.

CHARLES O. UPHAM, of Watertown,
N. Y., after having completed his visit
at the Philadelphia Centennial, extended
his trip to Baltimore and Washington,
and recently returned again to his old
quarters in the ticket-office of the R.
W. & O. R.R. In a letter to us, he spoke
of how much enjoyment he had received
from the trip both down and up, and
thought it was one of the best and most
pleasant he had ever experienced. One
thing more at least, we should not leave
unmentioned; that is, that he has re-
newed his subscription several weeks
in advance of his unexpired time, which
shows that he has an intellect that can
not fail to appreciate the value of any-
thing like that of the DEAF-MUTES'
JOURNAL.

An organist for many years engaged
in one of the noted churches of New
York city, tells this: A strange man
was acting as sexton, an old gentleman
that was deaf took his seat in a pew, and
produced from his pocket an ear trumpet
of curious shape, and, to the dismay
of the temporary sexton raised it toward
his face. The sexton sprang to his side,
and said something in a low voice, where-
upon the gentleman endeavored to raise
the trumpet to his ear, and was prevented
by the sexton seizing his hand. With
increasing voice and excitement he said:
"You mustn't, sir; you mustn't blow that
horn in here; if you do I shall be obliged
to put you out!" And the good old
man, pocketing his bugle, heard nothing
of the service or sermon.

One of the Associate Editors was
walking in his town, one evening last
week, along a dimly lighted street, for,
be it known, they are frugal in the mat-
ter of gas in those parts, when some en-
thusiastic politician, for reasons that
deponent knoweth not, set off a heavily
charged ancient arvil. Bang! whoop!
the sidewalk slid from under us, the
whole starry firmament came and went
as in a panorama, and as we gathered
our wits and looked around for a relief
of our umbrella, an inquisitive friend
hailed us with: "Did you hear that?"
Good gracious! Yes.

A. F. OSAGOOD, of Natick, Mass., JOHN
DOUGHERTY, of Watkins, N. Y., N.
DENTON, of Geneva, N. Y., J. W. SMITH,
of Albion, N. Y., and Mrs. P. A. D.
VAN SCOY, of Potter, N. Y., have been
to Philadelphia, each, of course, at differ-
ent times. Like every one who has seen
the Exhibition, they all say that their
visits there have been a source of much
more pleasure and profit than they had
anticipated.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET baptized the
two sons of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. SULLIVAN,
of Milwaukee, at All Saints' Cathed-
ral on the occasion of the service for
deaf-mutes. It was a time of more than
ordinary interest to all who attended,
and created great interest in the present
efforts to extend church work among the
deaf and dumb.

They had a nice little party at the
Michigan Institution recently. That is,
the young ladies of the first and second
classes and the officers of the "Boy's
Club," with the personnel of the Institution,
had a very pleasant, social reunion.
Music, refreshments and speeches helped
to make it an enjoyable time.

THERE are seventy-three pupils in the
Kentucky Institution, and eighty-five
in the Central New York Institution.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET and Mr. A. W.
MANN have been together since Tuesday,
Oct. 31st. The Dr. has already spoken
at Grand Rapids and Milwaukee, and
was expected to speak in the evening of
Nov. 2d at Christ Church, Delevan,
Wis., after having first made an address
to the pupils in the chapel of the Wis-
consin Institution.

AMONG those in attendance at Dr. GAL-
LAUDET's service at Grand Rapids was
JAMES E. PLANK, a graduate of the New
York Institution. He is living at Aus-
terlitz, Mich., and engaged as a "tail
sawyer" in a large saw-mill. His wife is
a graduate of the Michigan Institution.

THE Wisconsin Institution is now in
full working condition with 156 pupils,
and more room is needed. An effort
will be made to obtain an appropriation
for the erection of a school building,
which is certainly much needed.

"It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
if any one obtains that which he merits."

Nevertheless, the Michigan Institution
has received an award from Philadelphia,
for the best pupils' work exhibited at
the Centennial. After this, our estima-
tion of the Philadelphia judges will rise a
degree or two.

WE learn that Miss HATTIE MCGANN,
of Belleville, Ontario, has received a
call from the Michigan Institution to
teach articulation there. She is a daugh-
ter of Prof. McGann of the Belleville
Institution.

THE New York friends of JAMES SIMP-
SON may be interested to know that he
is in Michigan, and at a county fair re-
cently bought a wee piggie for twenty
dollars.

A youth was caught robbing a money
drawer in a grocery store in Cincinnati
recently. He was a deaf-mute, eighteen
years of age, and confessed to having
done the same thing before. Deaf-mutes,
as well as others, should let other peo-
ple's money alone.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., claims to have a deaf
and dumb colored man by the name of
ALLER JOHNSON, who has frequently
batted the head out of a whisky barrel
for the sport of the thing, and, on one
occasion, in a butting match with a ram,
he broke the animal's neck.

THERE is a new school for deaf-mutes
in Milwaukee, supported by the Roman
Catholics. Of it not many particulars
could be gleaned by our correspondent;
but more of it hereafter.

A deaf-mute aged fifteen, son of ASA
HARDY, of Groveland, Mass., was run
over and killed, near Georgetown, Thurs-
day afternoon, by a train on the New-
buryport and Georgetown railroad.

At the Schuyler County Fair, recently
held at Havana, N. Y., JOEL E. AND-
REWS' barley was awarded the first pre-
mium.

At latest accounts, the number of pup-
ils in the following Institutions, were:
Ohio, 403; Illinois, 321; Indiana, 280;
Cincinnati School, 21.

THERE are now 210 pupils at the
Michigan Institution—about 170 deaf-
mutes, and 40 blind.

Dr. Gallaudet at All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee.

From the Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel, Nov. 2d.

Notwithstanding the wretched weather
a fair congregation assembled at All
Saints' Cathedral to hear Dr. Gallaudet,
of St. Ann's Church, New York, tell
the story of the gradual rise of interest
in church work for deaf-mutes. Previ-
ous to the Doctor's address the rite of
baptism was administered to two infant
children of deaf-mute parents—one of
the little ones evincing by its cries the
fact that it did not partake of its parents'
affliction. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted the
service to the deaf-mute portion of
the congregation and at its conclusion
without any fixed text began a compre-
hensive explanation of the "sign" lan-
guage. The language began with the
Abbe de l'Epée and was brought to this
country by Dr. Gallaudet's father in 1817.
It soon superseded the "lip" language
and the other means formerly in use.
At first the only efforts made for deaf-
mutes were in secular education—many
States having colleges specially for them
—of which the one supported by the
government in Washington furnishes the
best curriculum. In 1852, Dr. Gallau-
det sowed "the grain of mustard seed"
in faith—that is, he began in the vestry
room of his church a Bible Class for
deaf-mutes, at which the attendance was
three or four persons. Now after twenty-
four years the good Doctor sees regular
services for deaf-mutes in all our prin-
cipal cities, some of the congregations be-
ing 300 strong. On the 8th of October,
1876, the first deaf-mute was ordained
Deacon at Philadelphia in St. Stephen's
Church, and one other, Mr. A. W. Mann,
(so well and favorably known in Mil-
waukee for his self-denying efforts in his
work) has been admitted as a candidate
for Holy Orders, and will be ordained
very shortly by Bishop Bedell, of Ohio.
It is impossible to accurately portray
the intelligence manifested by some deaf-
mutes, they seem to grasp truths com-
municated to them by the sign language,
in a manner almost miraculous. We
pitied the man who could listen without
shedding tears to Dr. Gallaudet's account
of the deathbed communion of a deaf-
mute. The address was admirably to the
point, long enough to bring forth all the
salient points and not long enough to
weary the most fastidious advocate of
short discourses. It is only about 140
years since any movement whatever was
made to ameliorate the condition of the
deaf-mute, and the success which God has
vouchsafed to the movement has been
unparalleled. Bishop Welles followed
with a few earnest words, rendering to
Dr. Gallaudet the praise which is his
meed, and showing how the father's man-
tle had fallen on the shoulders of a worthy
son. The good bishop urged the
people to take this matter to their hearts

and assist it in every way they could.
He expressed the wish that before the
year was over every parish in the diocese
would contribute something toward this
noble charity. An offering was then
taken up and the Bishop dismissed the con-
gregation with the Blessing of Peace.

The deaf-mutes (of whom there was a
large gathering) remained after the Ben-
ediction, and it was a pleasing sight to
see them exchange loving greetings with
Dr. Gallaudet, the one man who has done
the most for them in our day and genera-
tion.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common
Prayer.

Sunday, Nov. 12th.

The Psalter for the 12th day of the
month.

Morning prayer.
1st Lesson—Daniel vi.
2d Lesson—John viii.

Evening prayer.
1st Lesson—Daniel vii.
2d Lesson—1 John i.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

Deaf-Mute Education.

(From the Brooklyn Daily Times.)

EDITOR BROOKLYN DAILY TIMES.—In
the proceedings, printed in your columns,
of a meeting of one of the Supervisors'
Committee last week, I find that a report
was presented from St. Joseph's Institute
for Deaf-mutes, giving the course of in-
struction at that establishment. This
institution is a branch of the Fordham
Institution for Deaf-mutes, and some
means should be taken by our City Fa-
thers, or the Board of Education, to
make it one of usefulness. In our city
we have quite a large number of deaf-
mutes whose parents know nothing about
the education of their children, and most
of the deaf and dumb children now grow-
ing up uneducated in our city, are left in
that condition from ignorance on the
part of their parents as to where the
New York Institution stands. We should
have an institution of our own for the
accommodation of the deaf and dumb of
our city, as well as of its surroundings,
the New York Institution being over-
crowded to-day—the number of pupils
being more than 500. Rochester has
been favored with a new institute; so
also has Rome, Oneida County, and now
there is talk of erecting a suitable one
in Chicago. Years ago we were scarce
of institutions for the education of this
unfortunate class, but to-day, although
we have many of them, the number of
the deaf and dumb has increased to such
an extent that we must look forward to
making enlarged provisions for the ac-
commodation and education of this un-
fortunate class. Our City Fathers, or
the Legislature, would do well to pass a
measure providing for an appropriation
annually for the support of the St. Jo-
seph Institute; and in the course of
time it is sure that our city would have
a splendid institute for deaf-mute educa-
tion. We have schools for different clas-
ses here, but we would like to have one
for the education of the deaf and dumb,
to which class I belong.

W. A. BOND.

A former pupil of the New York Insti-
tute.

DIED.

KENNEDY.—At Evanston, Ill., of con-
sumption, Lydia C. Kennedy, sister-in-law
of Dr. J. S. Jewell, in the 33d year of her age.
Chicago Journal.

Miss Kennedy was a classmate of Mrs. Raf-
fington, at the Illinois Institution.

THE ELECTIONS.

MEXICO.

Election day was a very pleasant one,
the contest quite spirited, but all passed
off quietly. The number of votes polled
was unusually large—952. The total
vote in the presidential election of 1868
was 941; 1872, 863; the vote in this
town on Tuesday was as follows:

1st District—Hayes, 321; Tilden, 98;
Rep. majority, 223. Morgan, 317;
Robinson, 99; Rep. majority, 218. 2d
District—Hayes, 362; Tilden, 167;
Rep. majority, 195. Morgan, 353;
Robinson, 169; Rep. majority, 184.
D. W. C. Peck received a majority of
408 for Assemblyman. The Prohibition
presidential electors received 4 votes,
and Groo, the Prohibition candidate for
Governor, had 11 votes.

OSWEGO COUNTY.

In the 1st and 2d Districts, Rep. Mem-
bers of Assembly are elected.

3d ASSEMBLY DIST.—D. W. C. Peck,
Rep., has 1,242 maj., with Redfield to
hear from.

The following are the majorities in
this county:

ALBION—1st Dist.—Hayes, 14; Mor-
gan, 19. 2d Dist.—Hayes, 50; Morgan,
47.

AMBOY—Hayes, 41; Morgan, 38.

BOTSWIN—Hayes, 107; Morgan, 107.

CONSTANTIA—1st Dist.—Tilden, 8;
Robinson, 8. 2d Dist.—Hayes, 102;
Morgan, 99.

GRANBY—1st Dist.—Hayes, 67; Mor-
gan, 68. 2d Dist.—Hayes, 10; Robin-
son, 5.

HANNIBAL 1st Dist.—Hayes, 200;
Morgan, 15. 2d Dist.—Hayes, 27;
Morgan, 27.

HASTINGS—1st Dist.—Tilden, 13;
Robinson, 16. 2d Dist.—Hayes, 135;
Morgan, 139.

NEW HAVEN—Hayes, 263; Morgan,
269.

ORWELL—Hayes, 96; Morgan, 92.

OSWEGO TOWNSHIP—1st dist. Hayes 109,
Morgan 108. 2d dist. Hayes 84, Mor-
gan, 81.

PALMISTON—Hayes, 240; Morgan, 235.

PARISH—Hayes, 99; Morgan, 101.

Redfield—Tilden, 36; Robinson, 40.

OSWEGO CITY—Tilden, 220 maj., dem.
gain, 293; Taylor, Rep., for County
Clerk, 113 maj.

RICHLAND—1st Dist.—Hayes, 112

maj., democratic gain, 35; 2d Dist.—
Hayes, 116 maj., rep. gain, 5.
SANDY CREEK—Hayes, 244 maj.; Ba-
ker, 224 maj.
SCHREFFEL—1st Dist.—Hayes, 46
maj., rep. gain, 88. 2d Dist.—Hayes
101; Morgan, 95.
SCRIBA—Hayes, 150 maj., rep. gain, 2.
VOLNEY—Hayes, 388; Morgan, 393.
WEST MONROE—Tilden 23; Robin-
son, 16.
WILLIAMSTOWN—Tilden, 168; Robin-
son, 167.

THE GENERAL RESULT.

New York city gives Tilden 53,550
majority, and Kings county adds 17,988.
This is an aggregate of over 71,000, and
exceeds the maximum claimed by the
democrats before the election.

The New York Tribune of Wednes-
day, says: Tilden and Hendricks are un-
doubtedly elected by a fair majority of the
Electoral College. They have probably
carried the "solid South" with the possi-
ble exception of South Carolina and
Louisiana, and have carried New York
by about 30,000 majority, Connecticut
by about 1,500 majority, and New Jer-
sey by a reduced majority. They have
carried Indiana by 10,000 majority.
Their total vote in the Electoral College
is likely to exceed 200. Hayes and
Wheeler have carried all the New Eng-
land States except Connecticut, and they
have also carried Pennsylvania, and all
the Western States except Missouri.

The Republicans retain control of the
United States Senate, but their majori-
ty, which is now 15, will certainly be
reduced to 10, and possible to 6. The
House of Representatives is in doubt.
The news thus far received makes it ap-
parently Democratic by 18 majority, but
the returns are so incomplete that later
information may increase this or give it
to the Republicans by a very small ma-
jority.

In Massachusetts Mr. Adams has run
behind Tilden a little, and Mr. Rice is
elected Governor by a vote slightly be-
low that for Hayes. Gen. Butler is
elected to Congress.

New York has been carried by Tilden
by about 30,000 majority. His majority
in New York City is 53,000 and in
Kings County about 15,000.

LATEST—HAYES SAID TO BE ELECTED BY
ONE MAJORITY.
COLUMBUS, Nov. 8.—Gov. Hayes' private
secretary is sending out telegrams
claiming a majority of 1 for Hayes in
the electoral college.

News of the Week.

Four hundred lodges of Cheyennes
have surrendered to Gen. Miles.

The debt statement shows a reduction
during October of \$3,388,139.61.

A collision, last week, on the Pennsylv-
ania Railroad at Linden, N. J., killed
one person and wounded two others.

The Vienna correspondent of the London
Times says it is certain that Russia
is preparing for all eventualities. Russian
officials who have hitherto been anxious
to deny all military preparations, now
maintain that the whole army is on a
war footing. This sudden frankness may
possibly be by command.

Cardinal Antonelli died Sunday in
Rome.

William H. Baker, a wealthy resident
of Taunton, Mass., cut his throat and
died on Sunday.

A daughter of Stephen Young, of
Baintree, Vt., was burned to death Sat-
urday, by her clothes taking fire from a
stove.

Saturday's centennial admissions ag-
gregated 85,000.

The President has accepted an invita-
tion to close the centennial exhibition.
The British man-of-war of Nelson,
7,000 tons displacement, 6,000 horse
power, and twenty guns, was launched
at Glasgow, Saturday.

The Hengle House, a second-rate Ger-
man boarding house at Little Rock,
Ark., was destroyed by fire, Monday
morning. Two men named Patrick
Shea and John Cooney, perished in the
flames.

Mrs. Anna Bullock, of Brooklyn, was
in the habit of taking morphine to ob-
tain relief from neuralgia pains. Fri-
day she mixed a quantity of the drug,
and placed it where her three-year-old
child got hold of it, drank it up and
died.

Auburn thinks the prospects good for
the early completion of the Midland
from its Scipio terminus to that city.

The Government barracks at Sackett's
Harbor, were partially destroyed by fire
Monday afternoon. The fire broke out
in the officers' quarters and was confined
to them. The fire is under control. Gen.
Ayres' quarters were saved, but badly
damaged. The quarter-master's papers
were all destroyed, and a large amount
of property. Loss estimated at \$5,000;
no insurance. Cause of fire unknown.

J. Snodgrass, who figured in the
Burdell-Cunningham case, recently ap-
peared in Wappinger Falls, where his
identity was discovered; he left, as he
could not live where the finger of scorn
was pointing at him.

Dr. Strousberg, the Russian railroad
king, with three of his accomplices, have
been convicted of corrupt practices.

Turkey is disposed to deal direct with
Russia.

In Germany, Minister von Bulow
says the Empire is not likely to be af-
fected by the Turkish question.

A Toronto dispatch says: John
Wright, Sr., John Wright, Jr., and
James Rodreau were drowned, Monday,
while crossing in a boat from Ellis Bay
to English Bay.

The shooting watch for the Spirit of
the Times badge took place at Creedmoor
Saturday. The distance was 800 yards,
standing position, any rifle, open to all,
ten shots each man and two sighting
shots. There were eleven contestants,
and the trophy was won by J. L. Pierce,
with a score of 35 (nothing extra for a
crack marksman), and only two others
scored over 30, they making 34 each.

The lowest score was 15, and the most

bull's-eyes made by any one man was
two, while the total number of bull's-
eyes was but three.

American coin to the amount of \$95,
000 was withdrawn from the Bank of
England, Monday, for New York.

One thousand troops arrived at Ha-
vana, from Spain, Saturday.

The inventor of the flying ma-
chine, Mr. Ralph Scott, who didn't fly
from Dover to Calais, as he said he would,
is in Berlin, showing his invention to
Bismarck and Von Moltke. The whole
arrangement consists of a small, rather
deep, wooden gondola, in the middle of
which the machinery is fixed, which is
to be put in motion by means of a wheel,
similar to a ship's steering-wheel.

The pressure of the spring, when the
wheel is in motion, is to be like 3

From the German of Leopold Schopfer.

Live Pure.

IN MEMORY OF DEPARTED DAY.

As the lily bends low in its leafy seclusion,
As the dove seeks the woods, far from strife and
confusion,
Turning away from the evil beside thee,
Safely through life will thy good angel guide
thee;
If thou live pure, my child,

Thy thoughts, as the perfume the petals enfold-
ing,
When only the dew drop the rose bud is holding,
Showing thy heart in its patient abiding,
Truly a pearl in its depths has been hiding;
If thou live pure, my child.

From noon until even, thy love is a blessing,
Like the light of the sun in its daily caressing,
Coming in sorrow each burden to lighten,
Strong in its beauty to bless and to brighten;
If thou live pure, my child.

As the eye of the wanderer ever is turning
To the star of the evening, so faithfully burn-
ing,
Shall the love of the Father shine tender upon
thee,
Count thee His own, in that earth hath not won
thee;
If thou live pure, my child.

Like a beautiful song be thy life in its ending,
Heaven and earth in its harmony blending,
As the sweet notes upon lips that are mor-
tal,
Waking the strains within Heaven's bright por-
tal;
Thou shalt see God, my child.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Western New York Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Enclosed find \$1.50, for which please renew my subscription that expired Oct. 1st. It has always afforded me much pleasure to read your excellent paper; and I miss one of them as much as I would a good, long letter. It is my earnest hope that the JOURNAL will continue to keep us awake for the coming hundred years.

I was glad to learn that you had made up your mind to leave your editorial chair and set your face toward the most magnificent exhibition that has ever been held in this world. The intelligent readers know that a faithful editor has to work hard all day, and sometimes nearly all night, to promote their pleasure by supplying them with a good paper. I hope that you will return home with your health fully recuperated, your spirits much refreshed and your head well stored with the knowledge of the grand wonders you have seen.

Mr. George Taylor, of Attica, came here last August and staid with us three days. We enjoyed his pleasant visit. Soon afterwards he moved to the West with his family, and is visiting his relatives in Michigan and Wisconsin, until he decides where to settle.

Masters Clarence Webster, of Buffalo, and Martin Buck, of Java, N. Y., made us a short call. Both have gone to school at Rochester.

Miss Sarah Whalen, of this place, contemplates going to Jackson, Mich., next November, to work for Mr. Thomas Innis, who is a deaf and dumb tailor.

Last June, the writer went to Sardinia, Erie Co., about six miles from here, with his pupil, and found Marsena Cheeseman at work with his old father, planting corn. Marsena is a cheerful and willing farmer. He said that he felt it was not good for him to live alone, and intended to try his luck somewhere this year or next.

There is in this town, a deaf-mute woman by the name of Thankful Page, aged fifty-three years, who left school in the year 1845, after only four years' instruction. She is an orphan, is partially infirm, and lives with her adopted parents, who are almost invalids. She feels terribly lonesome, and has no one to cheer and talk to her by signs; cannot read much, nor write but little. It is hoped that she will be admitted into the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes before long.

My pupil, Earl Wilson, has been under my instruction for over two years, and is doing well. He is eleven years old. His parents think of sending him to the Western New York Institution next fall. Earl is an interesting little boy, and I love him. He is full of fun and can understand many innocent jokes.

Some time ago I was busy all day out of doors, and in the evening I advised my pupil to study a lesson, in order to make up lost time, which he refused to do; and as I pressed him against his will, he screamed aloud, and wishing to stop him, I told him that if he would cry for an hour, instead of studying, I would excuse him; he laughed, and amused me by trying to turn me over the parlor sofa.

This morning at the table, he was a little out of humor, and refused to eat a mouthful. I had just filled his plate with delicious mashed potatoes and rich gravy. I told him that I was afraid his plate would soon be frozen over, and if it did become so, I would have to bring in the pick-axe and hammer and try to crack the potatoes into little pieces so that he could eat them without breaking his jaws; at this, he fell to eating heartily, with his countenance beaming with smiles.

A short time ago, I remarked to Earl about something, and he shook his head at me; that is, he did not believe me. I told him that it was always easy for him to shake his head, but if I should oil his neck a little, he could then nod his head without its creaking. He blandly answered by asking me to let him go and witness the Hayes and Wheeler meeting to be held in town to-day. I told him that he could go if he would add up the columns of figures correctly that I had given him, and now he is hard at work.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

It has rained, rained, rained, then hail-
ed, and again rained, and finally snowed;

for the past three weeks it has rained nearly all the time. Yesterday was glorious with sunshine, but it is now raining.

"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day."

The bad weather keeps the doctors lively, going from patient to patient, and fighting hand to hand with the grim monster Death.

Lovers are housed up for the present. They have digested their love matters so thoroughly and smacked their tireless lips so often and long at the front-gate that it is now off its hinges and worn out. Summer nights are for sparking, but frosty ones suggest marriage. A friend of ours is to be married soon. The public, of course, will talk about the dresses of the bride; who ties the solemn knot, and where the happy twain taste the sweets of the honeymoon; all of which present a never-failing fund of gossip and pleasure.

I have not heard that Cupid has yet pierced any prominent deaf-mutes through the heart with his sharp-pointed arrows slung from his powerful bow, during this Centennial year. Hard times and a lack of stamps prevent the Archer, I reckon.

I see in the JOURNAL of Oct. 5th, that "Lytton Bulwer" has fired a big bombshell on deaf and dumb and semi-mute teachers. I suspect that he must have suddenly jumped off the track. The only cause of such a catastrophe, was that his own train was minus its "headlight." Let me ask him a question—Which have spent the longest time zealously teaching in the New York Institution in the last twelve years, the experienced deaf and dumb and semi-mute teachers, or the experienced hearing and speaking professors?

The best and most experienced hearing professors are only principals of the institutions for the deaf and dumb in this country. It is my own observation that nearly all of the experienced congenital mute and semi-mute teachers love their pupils dearly, and always try to promote their welfare; many of them often love to associate with their pupils out of school hours and are always cheerful and willing to explain what their pupils want to know or what they do not understand.

It is my observation that most of the hearing and speaking professors never teach the deaf and dumb long, but after earning money by teaching for two or three years, they leave the institution and go into some other business, thus spoiling the beginners. Some of them go to their rooms immediately after school dismisses, and study law or medicine, showing that they do not care for their pupils, and they even think of their other business while teaching.

One morning, while at school, we went into a certain school-room with Dr. Peet, and lo! we found there a class that had been under instruction two years, but they were acting more like a parcel of monkeys, grinning, crying and chattering. It belonged to a hearing and speaking professor, and he was late. The hearing and speaking lady teachers are known to be very affectionate and kind to their pupils, but very few of them ever continue to teach long. "Lytton Bulwer's" former lady teacher is the oldest one at the New York Institution.

The persons who complain of having had deaf-mute teachers and thereby a poor education, may have wasted three-fourths of their time at school in playing and talking with and thinking about the girls, etc. But, if they will try hard, they can make up for this lost time by devoting their leisure moments to studying language.

"Agrippa" complimented me in the JOURNAL of August —, by saying that it had been hinted that I was invited to teach at the New York Institution. I thank him very much, but he was mistaken; for I have never been officially informed of such a fact. I left school in 1873, with a heavy sack of bright promises and sweet words on my back, and after plodding through the storms of this world for three years, I unloaded and examined this sack, and was surprised to find it empty. On closer inspection I discovered several holes in the sack; these holes must have been bored by those who presented me with the sack, without my knowledge. I think I shall never apply to any institution for the deaf and dumb for a situation as teacher, lest "Lytton Bulwer," may congratulate me on being an "idiot." But I do not complain at all, because I believe that I have run the "world on wheels," and fainted not.

"In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto—Rely on yourself!
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The winner is he who can go it alone!"

Dr. W. W. Hall says: "The youth becomes a man the very day he begins to feel uneasy at the idea of being dependent on another."

The Evening Republic of Oct. 7th, says: "John Cahill, the mute who robbed his deaf and dumb sweetheart of \$600, on the 10th of August last, was tried and convicted of larceny from the person. Judge Smith sentenced him to two years' confinement at hard labor in the Erie County Penitentiary."

The woman came from Ireland, and is an uneducated orphan. She is an honest and hard-working woman. District Attorney Lockwood wrote me twice, asking me to assist him in this case, and I did so and interpreted the signs of the poor woman by writing them out.

Cahill took advantage of her ignorance and induced her to give him all the money she had earned, for "safe keeping." The mute woman gave him the money, because he made a hundred promises that if he could secure a house and lot he would marry her, but instead of so doing, he disappeared and filled his stomach with whiskey.

I did not think that Cahill could be convicted, for he was charged with larceny from the person, which means the taking from and carrying away without the consent of the owner; while the act was merely a breach of trust. If the

woman gave Cahill possession, his possession was lawful—the wrongful act by which he got possession was fraudulent but not felonious. A prominent lawyer who only listened to the case expressed his opinion to me that Cahill ought to have been acquitted on that ground; but the jury viewing it in a different light, convicted him.

Cahill came here last February, shivering with cold and hunger, and covered with indecent rags; and when he saw me, I made arrangements so that he was immediately given some old clothes, a square meal and warm shelter. He told me that he had no money; that he had not eaten anything for two days; that the conductor kindly gave him a free pass from Buffalo to Arcadia, and that when he arrived at the depot, in the dark, he was obliged to sleep in the engine-house, and in order to avoid being frozen, he was obliged to shake his limbs with all his might nearly all night! A young farmer generously hired him, through my influence, to do chores for one month, on trial, and agreed to pay him in new clothes. In a few days the farmer told me that Cahill chopped wood like an old woman. In a few months he earned over twenty-five dollars, even in these hard times, but squandered it quickly. He is an inveterate drinker. He became discouraged and went back to Buffalo. I protested against his returning there, and advised him to try to reform in this pleasant country; but he did not heed my advice, and soon afterwards was dragged into jail almost dead drunk, and now is in the penitentiary. Intemperance is the root of all evil! Oh! don't drink, don't drink at all. S. H. H. Arcadia, N. Y., Oct. 14th, 1876.

Hartford Notes.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

HARTFORD, Oct. 27, 1876. EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having been requested by some of our boys to write the following for publication in your paper, here it is:

Some of the larger boys in the Hartford Institution attend to the furnaces of wealthy men living near. The other evening one of them went, as usual, to see that everything was arranged for the night, taking a little boy with him for company. Arrived at the house, which is surrounded with spacious grounds, having overgreens and shrubbery, the larger boy told his little friend to stay on the sidewalk till he returned, and then went in. Pacing up and down in front of the house, the little fellow attracted the attention of a policeman, whose mind apparently began to be filled with visions of plots for robbery, traps and the like, for coming up to him; he spoke. The deaf-mute, with due fear and respect, put his finger to his ear and shook his head. Possible owing to the darkness, Mr. Policeman failed to understand, for he spoke again, and receiving no answer, gave a smart kick, to make the supposed obstinate boy explain himself. Now was the time to flee. The victory is not always to the strong, for the little boy darting through hedges and around shrubs, vanished from the sight of his heavy pursuer, who stuck his head into a spiny-leaved young evergreen and doubled himself over a stake in the flower bed before he gave up the chase.

The victor did not stay to burrah, but ran all the way home, looking back to see if he were pursued. When his adventure became known among his fellows, he was quite a hero in their eyes. They thought that they paid him the highest of compliments in saying that he was "very sagacious."

Philadelphia Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Oct. 30th, 1876. EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 12th of this month, the installation of officers of the Literary Association, elected on the third Tuesday of May last, was made for the ensuing year, as follows:

President—Wm. R. Cullingworth.
First Vice President—John Scheetz.
Second Vice President—H. W. Guss.
Secretary—M. C. Fortescue.
Treasurer—Thomas J. Sipple.
Trustees—A. F. Marshall, Joseph J. Stevenson, and Joseph Tindall.
Chaplain—Rev. H. W. Syle.

President Cullingworth is styled the father of the Literary Association, and Prof. Thos. J. Trist, the father of the constitution and by-laws.

The annual and abstract reports were made by the Secretary, Mr. Fortescue, and the Treasurer, Mr. Sipple.

President Cullingworth made a short but very suitable address in his business-like way.

I am sorry to mention that Prof. Trist lost a pupil named John Dwyer, aged twelve years, three weeks ago. He complained of having pain in the head in the morning, and was sent to the sick room by Prof. Trist. He was put to bed and his coat and shoes were taken off at 11 o'clock A. M. The nurse went to dinner. Another boy had a wound in his foot, caused by some accident, and was sent to the sick room. He found Master Dwyer changed as if he were going to die. The boy called Principal Foster, and the matron, Miss Kirby and others. Five doctors were called, but one of them came and pronounced him dead from the effect of congestion of the brain. He was sent to his home in this city to be buried.

A week after, a son of Mrs. Mary Roop, aged six years, died of diphtheria, and was buried at Bridgeton, New Jersey, where her husband was laid away three years ago. After a week her other son, aged two years, died of diphtheria and was buried. Rev. Mr. Syle conducted the funeral services of both. We feel much sympathy for her in the loss of her children, and know her to be a very respectable lady and a good mother. She has four children left, and lives comfortably on the property left by her husband.

Rev. Mr. Syle wishes to give notice to all that he conducts religious services at

2 1/2 p. m., from October 1st to May 1st, every Sunday afternoon.

Last Wednesday night the officers of Guild and Literary Association met at their room in St. Stephen's Chapel. On motion, Prof. Pratt was chosen chairman, and A. F. Marshall, secretary. The chairman named Messrs. Trist, Tindall and Cullingworth as a committee to draft a vote of thanks to be offered at the general meeting the next night, before presenting them to Bishop Stevens, the Rector and Vestrymen of St. Stephen's Church, Rev. Drs. Gallaudet and Clerc and others.

The next important subject was to offer a resolution to sustain the services of Rev. Mr. Syle, and extend his Church work, which was warmly approved and unanimously adopted. I will write more about it in my next.

ECLIPSE.

New York Institution Notes.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Another lovely October has almost gone, and we can already see the skirts of old November steadily nearing. The many-hued landscapes, which we feasted our eyes on a couple of weeks since, have already faded, and the Palisades have begun to show their rugged front behind the green screen that so lately hid it.

Next Tuesday is Halloween. The nuts have not all gone yet, and the boys are still busy gathering them. So far none of them have broken their necks, and those of the girls who have been so fortunate as to secure the preference of a young gentleman have had plenty of them.

We have not wanted for visitors this week. Prof. Nelson, of the Rome Institution, dropped in yesterday. He had accompanied his family as far as here on their way to Europe, and found time to spend three or four hours with us, and very enjoyable they were too, but for their brevity. Honors and prosperity have not in the least diminished his esteem for old friends; we find him the same whole-souled, jovial fellow of old times, and you can guess that we were sorry he could not stay longer.

We were also favored with a visit from one of that rare species of man, a great editor, and an imported one at that. I forbid any of your Yankee readers to turn up their noses at an imported editor. It was the Hon. Mr. Leng, editor of the Dundee Advertiser, which, next to the London Times, is the largest paper in Great Britain. In person he is short and spare, has sandy hair and beard; a pair of keen gray eyes, beaming behind gold-rimmed spectacles, and a forehead that looks as if it were in constant danger of being burst by the intellect it holds. He is a fair specimen of the men who now do with their pens what "Wallace" and "Bruce" were wont to do with their swords in protecting the interests of old Scotland.

Another English cousin, Mr. Arthur Kinzey, a teacher of the deaf and dumb in London, has been here. He went over the Institution with Dr. Peet, surveying everything with a critical eye, and appeared well pleased with what he saw.

Mr. Eugene W. Ehle, a graduate of our High Class in '74, spent a day with us, on his way home from Philadelphia. He seems to have enjoyed the "Big Show" hugely. Among other things he mentioned having seen the painting of the deaf-mute artist, Humphrey H. Moore, of this city. Your correspondent had the pleasure of seeing it, and most of the others who have been there, have too, and they think that it is very fine. We have at present between 480 and 490 pupils in the Institution. When the Rochester Institution opened we expected it would absorb a good many of our old pupils, but we find the conjecture to be incorrect. No more pupils have left the Institution than generally do. The reason why our number falls under 500, is that new pupils are uncommonly few, they, no doubt, having gone to other institutions nearer their homes. It is likely, however, that the number will reach 500 before New Year's.

James Caton, the blind deaf-mute, is still here, and learns as easily as most mutes of his age. He is taught by the manual alphabet, which he can readily read, by pressing his hand on our fingers while we make the letters. In this way another boy can study his own lesson and teach Caton his at the same time. We have also an armless deaf-mute here, a little fellow about 12 years of age, whose arms have both been cut off by the cars, one at the elbow and the other near the shoulder. He is in Mr. Reeves' class, and that gentleman has invented a kind of wooden arm with which the little fellow can write with a crayon on the black board. I have seen some drawings made in this way, and one could not have told that they were made without hands if he had not previous knowledge of the fact. He can hold and eat an apple, and open a door, even, by winding his sleeve round a knob and then wrenching the bolt back. Truly necessity is the mother of invention.

Yesterday morning the Croton water gave out. Any one who has ever lived here knows what a calamity this was, especially in this chilly weather when we depend on steam to warm the rooms and cook our food, and use the water to bathe and wash in, &c. All day we sat uncomfortably on the point of suspense. But this morning, when we got up, we found, thank heaven, that the water was running again.

There have been some queer doings among our neighboring deaf-mute brethren, as you may have heard; a "deaf and dumb" political club has been organized, and now we are being refreshed (!) by "deaf and dumb" politics. Why in all reason cannot deaf-mutes go with their hearing brethren and join hearing clubs where they would be much more benefited. It is all wrong and does us more harm than good in the eyes of the public. Literary and debating societies for deaf-mutes may not be objectionable,

but when it comes to politics, they had better join hearing clubs. A deaf and dumb political society is pure clannishness.

Friday morning there appeared in the Sun, a bombastic article of this sort which may well make the cheeks of any respectable deaf-mute tingle with shame.

TULY.

D. & D. Inst., N. Y., Oct. 28th, 1876.

Notes from the Western Metropolis.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 2, 1876. EDITOR JOURNAL: Several of my friends and readers of the JOURNAL have expressed a wish to see every week some article from Chicago. It is very dull at present, and I have been absent from the meetings of the Deaf-mute Society for several weeks. The last meeting was held Oct. 22d, when Mr. Williams, of the Wisconsin Institution, called and offered to go with us to Mr. Moody's Tabernacle. We all gladly consented, and thanked him for his kind thought. We enjoyed the meeting well. It is impossible for me to write what he said, on account of the rapid manner in which it had to be repeated. The sermon was in St. John, 3rd chapter, the text being the 3d verse. We shall always feel grateful to Mr. Williams for the pleasure he gave us.

We intend to give a reception Saturday, Nov. 4th, to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and Mr. A. W. Mann, who are expected that evening, and will on the 5th, conduct service at St. James' Church. I will write full particulars next week.

Mr. James Gibney, from the Michigan Institution, is now living and working in Chicago, and is one of the members of the Deaf-mute Society.

It being such a dull and dreary day I have nothing more to write, but will try to make my next more interesting.

SALLIE.

A Few Words of Advice to Deaf-Mutes.

NO. 2.

Nothing seems to me to be so fatal to the development of manly independence in deaf-mutes as this everlasting receiving upon their part, and never giving in return. It has its beginning in their school life. Very few pupils have been required to pay for their board and tuition during their many years' sojourn at an Institution. Even their books cost them nothing. They are not even required to pay for their paper, envelopes and postage stamps. When the boys graduate, they expect to find positions commanding good salaries. In short, they expect to live like gentlemen. The girls expect to be waited upon by servants. They expect their kind parents to furnish them with elegant clothing and a lot of fine jewelry. They expect to do nothing except to make and receive calls. If they marry at all, just as soon as they graduate, they expect to live in an elegant house, and have servants to wait on them.

It generally requires but a few weeks to convince the boys that whereas, while at the Institution, they could obtain all they stood in need of for nothing, they can obtain nothing whatever outside of the Institution without giving in return its equivalent. The girls soon learn that they are not to obtain anything near what they expected. Many of the more capable of both sexes do their very best to fit themselves for positions as teachers, but alas! how few obtain situations. Not one out of twenty. Only those who have influential friends succeed in getting places, and even more than two-thirds of these influential persons fail to obtain situations for their deaf-mute friends. Fortunate indeed, is he or she who obtains a situation, and the friend who has been instrumental in thus helping him or her to the above situation, should ever be held in grateful remembrance. I am sorry to say that this is not the case, however, for I can point to many who were once groveling in poverty, without any hope of obtaining the least assistance from any one, but who, when having been helped to positions, have literally turned their backs upon these kind friends, and especially is this the case when the friends happen to meet with any kind of a misfortune. It cannot be denied that deaf-mutes are quick to illustrate and prove good the old saying that "Friends always desert those whom fortune forsakes." Were deaf-mutes more in communication with the world, they would act differently, for I doubt not that they have as warm and sympathetic hearts as those who hear and speak, but having been brought up and educated in an Institution, where they were in the habit of receiving and never giving, nothing better can be expected of them.

I have frequently observed a deaf-mute after failing to obtain congenial employment sit down and pine, growing gloomy and despondent. Life seems to look all dark and terrible to him. In this, to him, terrible mood, he not infrequently writes a letter of application for a position as teacher, a copy of which letter he sends to every principal of a deaf-mute Institution. In rare instances an answer will come from some one of these principals stating that there is no opening for him in the Institution of which the writer has the charge; the rest of the letters are never answered. The experience of nearly every principal of an Institution for the deaf and dumb is, that he has received, in his time, nearly as many applications for situations, as he has for the admission of pupils, and I hazard nothing in saying that counting on the experienced professors, the principals of each of these Institutions could replace his whole corps of teachers within three days after the first corps had left. I do not, of course, mean to be understood as saying it would be good policy, but I merely state it as being not unpracticable. In my next article I shall treat of the same subject in a similar strain, and devote more to the beaten

track occasionally, as I have done in this article, which I will conclude by saying that deaf-mutes should never allow themselves to expect much by way of obtaining a situation at once, when they leave school, but they should do what they can, even dig potatoes, or ditches, if they can't find anything better to do.

WAT TYLER.

The Central New York Institution.

The only news hereabouts is, that Principal Nelson has been to New York on business; that our matron is enjoying the wonders of the Centennial; and that we had a short visit from Miss Helen M. Dunning, a graduate of the New York High Class and lately a teacher in the Illinois Institution.

The health of the Institution is excellent, probably because the pupils are well fed, well clothed and well housed.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1876.

Sunnysiders "On Deck Once More."

The beautiful and unique invitation ball of the Sunnyside Social Club of Brooklyn was given on Wednesday evening. The occasion was the third anniversary of the club. The members were on hand early and at ten o'clock, the time fixed for tripping the fantastic toe, the floor manager, Mr. W. A. Bond, after distributing the club's badges among the members, led the march. When all got a glimpse of this, a line was formed and the burlesque "Siders" with their ladies began the march. Dancing according to the orders was taken up and the happy and selected company seemed to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

The club rooms were elaborately and tastefully decorated with the flags of various nations. Around the walls hung American flags which were adjusted from corner to corner by a streamer of foreign flags. In the center of the rooms hung four lanterns beautifully decorated with streamers which ran from that point to the walls, presenting a fine appearance, while every frame was draped in one or more American flags. The picture of the father of our country, George Washington, was finely decorated with flags and the mottoes, "Union Forever" and "1776 Centennial 1876" were fittingly placed before the eyes of his children. The rooms presented such an appearance that the guests changed the name of the Sunnyside Social Club to the "Exhibition."

Dancing was kept up from time to time until the floor manager was notified that supper was ready and when the Virginia reel ceased, the floor manager, taking the arm of a young lady, made such an advance that the guests got the idea that supper was ready, and all soon formed into a splendid promenade line, and after three "round trips" about the rooms, all went down to another room where a large extension table was found tastefully covered with the most tempting of viands, and from what your correspondent could see, all were in a hurry to catch a taste of the rich luxuries which the club had prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Susan Bond, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bunce, brother-in-law and sister of the floor manager.

About a dozen guests had to wait for the next table, although there were about 30 guests seated at the first table. By a slight misunderstanding, the seat which was engaged for your correspondent was handed to a guest and the writer therefore had to act as a waiter.

Mr. John Witschief, who was present, addressed the seated guests on the prosperity of the club and hoped that the guests would enjoy themselves. Mr. Samuel W. McClelland, the President of the Manhattan Literary Association, followed and spoke of the beginning of the struggle which the members had undertaken and said that when a man is determined to carry out his plans, he will always succeed if he is careful. To that idea, Mr. McClelland said may be ascribed the success of the club, and he claimed that it had gained a fine standing among the unfortunate class. When Mr. McClelland had finished, Mr. Bond passed the plates to the guests, and the hospitalities were done ample justice to.

Unfortunately the first president of the club, Mr. Thomas I. Godfrey, while flirting with with his ladies—not lady—accidentally broke a piece of glass-ware, but scolding did not stop sport because flirting went on desperately.

When the ladies and gentlemen began to forsake the table, Mr. Lytton Bulwer took the stand and in his usual tone addressed the guests, and said he hoped that they had enjoyed themselves to their full bent. He, as usual, took up the familiar subject, "The Press," and spoke a short time in relation to the JOURNAL.

Those who had partaken of the hospitalities returned to the club rooms and enjoyed the cracking of almonds and sucking of mottos. The other table was filled and justice was done to it.

A room was procured for smokers, and after supper the room was jammed with cigar lovers, among whom was the writer discussing the Ohio and Indiana elections.

Innocent parlor amusements followed, and it was about four o'clock when the young ladies began to leave the quarters of the "Siders," all delighted with the manner in which they were treated, but many remained later.

There is one thing which we must not forget to mention. All those present, as the young ladies who were blessed with all human senses, informed the writer that Miss — was the queen of the evening. It is our duty to say the same, but as the young lady is too modest to let her name go into the print, we therefore omit it, although we should like to place it before the readers. One of the Brooklyn papers, the Gazette, has given her name, but it was against the young lady's order, and the scribe of the Gazette did not know of her unwillingness. The ladies were certainly dressed tastily, and the gentlemen were the same, but there is one peculiar point, and it is, that every member wore a white neck-tie and a "stand-up" collar.

The "Post Office" amusement or any of the other lip amusements were not touched, and it is true that the freedom from such plays was not anticipated by the members, who now claim that they have succeeded in giving a fine affair, which, it is gratifying to say, was marked with no unpleasantness.

But politics were finally introduced in the morning, although it was against the club's order, given the last meeting before the ball. Breakfast was served for those who remained, and at 7 o'clock all went home much pleased with the affair.

Space in the JOURNAL, certainly, is so valuable that we omit the names of those present. Geo. H. Witschief and Chas. Haar were the committee. "Happy be their dreams."

AGRIPIA.

Brooklyn, Oct., 1876.

Gossip from New York.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 4, 1876. "Nothing doing until after the election" is the remark that greets one everywhere at present, whether in the social or business world. In the former everything has been at a standstill, and even the dinners given at the clubs to various foreigners, have had more or less political significance attached to them.

The extra day's racing on Saturday, drew large numbers to the grounds as the weather was especially fine. The avenue was crowded with carriages and pedestrians. Six members of the Coaching Club were out with their dogs, and after going to Jerome Park, drove over to the Polo grounds, where the most exciting game of the season was played. The prize, offered by Mr. "Harold" Bennett, was a set of six saddles and bridles, costing \$700. His side was the winning one by three out of four games, although the play was decidedly the best contested of the season.

The Columbia College boys of this city belonging to the School of Letters and the School of Mines, had an exhibition of athletic sports at the New York Athletic Club grounds. This also took place Saturday, and the friends of the boys were out in force. The vaulting, jumping, running and walking, awakened much interest. The matches were, some of them, very closely contested. The necessity, however, of having a physician, to examine all the candidates for these violent sports was evidenced in the mile walk between Eldredge and Bliven, when the latter was suddenly attacked with palpitation of the heart, and was obliged to be carried to the dressing-room by his friends.

A strange suicide occurred in the vicinity of High Bridge, Saturday. A man named Wm. Hildebrandt shot himself through the head. In his hat was fastened a paper on which was written, "William B. Ogden, alias Tompkins, will identify me. He is the cause of this because he would not pay me what was due me." Papers containing memoranda of a suit pending between the suicide and Mr. Ogden, were found in his pocket, as was also three cents, all the money that was in his possession.

Mr. Wm. B. Ogden is a man well known in the western world, being identified with the growth of Chicago. He had lived in single blessedness until he had nearly reached the age allotted to man's life, when he bethought himself that he would like a companion, or a nurse, perhaps, as unlike most of his sex, who, the older they grow, the younger the bride they generally seek, he married about two years ago a lady of very suitable age. He owns quite a large tract of land near High Bridge, with grapes, pines, fish ponds, miniature lakes, a handsome park, picturesque out-houses, to say nothing of his magnificent mansion with all the requisites that go to make up a gentleman's estate. The public are anxiously looking for some farther light upon this unfortunate case of suicide, with which Mr. Ogden's name is mixed up.

In the musical world, the event of the week past, was the Philharmonic concert on Saturday night. They gave Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the first act of Die Walkure. Almost everyone who cares for music has at some time heard Beethoven's delicious work. The Wagner music is newer, and there is no doubt that the American public like this style of music. The story of Die Walkure is one of those myths that necessitate a remote antiquity and intervention to

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—By the President of the United States of America, A PROCLAMATION.

From year to year we have been accustomed to pause in our daily pursuits, and set apart a time to offer our thanks to Almighty God for the special blessings he has vouchsafed to us, with our prayers for his continued protection, and for the many manifold blessings which his bounty has bestowed. In addition to these favors accorded to us as individuals, we have special occasion to express our hearty thanks to Almighty God that by His Providence and guidance our Government, established a century ago, has been enabled to fulfill the purpose of its founders in offering an asylum to the people of every race, securing civil and religious liberty to all within its borders and meeting out to every individual alike justice and equality before the law. It is more especially our duty to offer our humble prayers to the Father of the mercies for a continuance of his divine favor to us as a nation and as individuals. By reason of all these considerations,

I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do recommend to the people of the United States, to devote the 30th day of November next to the expression of their thanks and prayers to Almighty God, and laying aside their daily avocations and all regular occupation, to assemble in their respective places of worship and observe such day as a day of thanksgiving and fest.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundredth and first.

By the President, U. S. GRANT.

HAMILTON FISH, Sec'y of State.

Facts and Fancies.

There are some mortals whose bodies, are but as the ornamented sepulchres of their dead hearts.

Cosmetics are to the face what affectation is to the manners; they impose on few and disgust many.

A modern essayist defines "gossip" to be the "putting of two and two together and making five of them."

Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the heart of human society.

The vices of the rich and great are mistaken for errors, and those of the poor and lowly for crimes.

"Joe, how much did you spend at the Centennial?" "Well, father, if I count in going and coming, I spent about a fortnight."

The young man who wrote and asked his girl to accept a bouquet of flowers, became a little pale when she said she would wear it.

When an idler enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean.

An illiterate correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo-Saxon race," so much talked about, is coming off.

"Tommy, do you know that your Uncle Robert has found a little boy baby on his roof step, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, mamma; and he'll be Uncle Bob's step-son, won't he?"

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comfort of him whom time cannot console.—Colton.

The season is at hand when the pensive house fly hangs gloomily to the early morning walls, and wishes to gracious that some one would get up and build a fire.

A little boy and girl were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed: "Oh! I see a dog in the sky!"

"It must be a skye terrier!" replied the girl.

A negro Methodist's idea of ministerial qualification:—"De new preacher am mo' larnt dan Mister Boles was; but, lor bress you, sah! he aint got de doleful sound, like Mister Boles had. No, indeedy!"

From the following paragraph one would think there is an intention to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says: "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high."

"Time at last makes all things even," said the poet, but when he discovered that a difference of two inches in the length of his pataloon legs remained the same after six months' wearing, he realized how little the gauzy creations of the imagination are adapted to the solemn realities of every-day life.—Brooklyn Argus.

It is said that a hen held up by one leg will not squawk half as much as when both legs are grabbed. Thanksgiving Day is only one month hence, and persons who are accustomed to purchasing their poultry at night a few hours after the owner of the fowls has retired, would do well to cut this out and paste it in their hats.—Norristown Herald.

A woman once went home from church praising the sermon, and some one said to her:—"Where was the text?"

She had forgotten.

"Well, what do you remember?" "Oh," said she, "I remembered to burn up my half-bushel!"

She kept a store, and had used a false measure. She had heard a good sermon.

Noted Women.

Very intellectual women are seldom beautiful. Their features, and particularly their foreheads, are more or less masculine. But there are exceptions to all rules, and Miss Landon was an exception to this one. She was exceedingly feminine and pretty. Mrs. Stanton, likewise, was an exceedingly handsome woman; but Miss Anthony and Mrs. Livermore are both plain. Maria and Jane Porter were women of high brows and irregular features, as was also Miss Sedgwick. Anna Dickinson has a strong, masculine face. Kate Fields has a good-looking but by no means a pretty face. Mrs. Stowe is thought positively homely. Mrs. Burleigh, on the contrary, is very fine-looking. Alice and Phoebe Cary were very plain in features though their sweetness of disposition added greatly to their personal appearance.

Margaret Fuller had a splendid head; but her features were irregular, and she was anything but handsome—though sometimes in the glow of conversation she appeared almost radiant. Charlotte Bronte had wondrously beautiful dark brown eyes and a perfectly shaped head. She was small to diminitiveness, and was as simple in her manners as a child. Julia Ward Howe is a fine looking woman—wearing an aspect of great force of character in her face and carriage. Olive Logan is anything but handsome in person, though gay and attractive in conversation. Laura Holloway resembles Charlotte Bronte both in personal appearance and in the sad experience of her youthful life. Neither Mary Booth nor Marian Harland can lay claim to handsome faces, though they are splendid specimens of cultured women; while Mary Clemmer Ames is just as pleasing in features as her writings are graceful and popular.—New Haven Register.

A SUFFERER.—A few mornings ago, a recently arrived stranger from New York who had been out for a stroll, came back to the hotel rubbing his eyes, and very much disgusted. He took occasion to observe to the clerk:

"You have a great deal of dust here in Philadelphia?"

"Y-a-s," drawled the clerk; "I suffer demnibly from it myself."

"Weak eyes?" inquired the sympathetic stranger.

"Hardly any."

"Your lungs are affected, then?"

"Not to speak of," yawned the clerk.

"In what way, then, do you suffer from the dust?" asked the stranger, some what surprised.

"By hearing about forty fools say a thousand times a day, 'You have a great deal of dust here in Philadelphia!'"

GOOD MORNING.—Don't forget to say good morning! Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your school-mates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is also of all kind, hearty greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly.

Let no morning pass that you do not help to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

The one great lesson which society is perpetually teaching, the one strain which it is forever chanting, is this, that compared with a life of honor and benevolence, there is no object worth living for. If these will not bring happiness to the rational soul, nothing will.

Literary Notices.

The articles in the National Sunday School Teacher for November which relate to the lessons, are "Paul," by Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D. D., and "Clean or Unclean," by Prof. J. T. Hyde, of the Chicago Theological Seminary. Prof. W. S. B. Matthews, who is a recognized authority on music, contributes a spicy article on "Sunday School Songs," which will be followed by another still keener in the next month's issue. The lessons are full as usual, saving the teacher days of labor, by boiling down and putting into usable shape the information given in commentaries, Bible dictionaries and encyclopedias, the most of which are out of the reach of the average teacher. Its "Bible Lesson Outline," in which is given the passages of Scripture which throw light upon the lesson, are alone well worth the subscription price. Besides these the editorial paragraphs, the pith of current comment on Sunday School themes, the interesting items of Sunday School work, and the suggestions given in its "Teachers' Meeting," make up a table that one likes to sit down to. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer, & Lyon Pub. Co. The Little Folks, for infant classes, will be found just adapted to its purpose.

Half Price.

Dr. Williamson inserts the best teeth made for \$10 a set; extracts for 25 cts.; fills for 50 cts. Work guaranteed. He has the latest improvements. Extracts teeth without pain. Parlors, 7 & 8 Arcade, East Bridge St., Oswego, N. Y. 46tf.

J. R. NORTON

Is now ready for the Fall Trade in Dry Goods.

Don't FAIL to GO and SEE how CHEAP NORTON is SELLING Flannels and Shirts, Waterproofs, Felt Skirts, Wrappers and Drawers. Just received an elegant line of those Celebrated Donna Maria 2-Button Kids, in dark fall shades, for \$1. The new and latest styles of Prints received every week at J. R. NORTON'S, for your Floor Oil Cloths. 49

Farmers and others, please remember that you can find a superior lot of Horse Blankets at J. T. Brown's Harness Shop, and that he is bound to sell them very cheap—cheaper than ever before; and he wants you to call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere.

Rome Knitting Mills Destroyed by Fire.

ROME, N. Y., Oct. 28.—The Fort Stanwix Knitting Mill, owned by Mudge & Ames, was destroyed by fire last night. The fire originated in the engine room, but its cause has not yet been ascertained. The building was of stone, built about the year 1815, and designed for a United States arsenal; it had been used as a knitting mill about four years. The interior of the mill was entirely destroyed with all the looms and a large quantity of raw material. The loss is estimated at from \$65,000 to \$70,000; insurance is about \$40,000. One hundred operatives are thrown out of employment, and Rome loses one of her largest industries. The mill was surrounded by houses occupied by mill hands but they were saved. There was a Democratic mass meeting here last night and a torch-light procession and when the alarm was given it was supposed to be a false alarm and intended to break up the procession hence many of the firemen failed to respond promptly to the alarm, otherwise it is thought the building might have been saved.

True Merit Will Win.

A few years since the proprietors of Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Will Cherry and Horehound introduced it here. It was not puffed, but sold on its merits. Our people soon found it to be reliable, and already it has become the most staple and popular pulmonary remedy in the market. It quickly cures the worst coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, asthma and incipient consumption. Nothing acts so nicely in whooping cough, and it is so pleasant that children readily take it. Containing no opium, or other dangerous drug, it is as safe as it is sure. Trial size, 10 cts.; large sizes, 50 cts. and One Dollar. Sold by E. L. Huntington, Druggist, Mexico, N. Y. Also agent for Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which never fails. Pleasant to take, and requires no physic. Price 25 cts.

The Postal Service of Fifty Years Ago.

January 1, 1825, there were the following postoffices and postmasters in Oswego county:

Central Square, Hastings Curtis; Colosse, Rufus Tiffany; Constantia, F. W. Scriba; Granby, Peter Schenck; Hannibalville, John Bullen, jr.; New Haven, Orris Hart; Oswego, Nathan Sage; Oswego Falls, James Lyon; Richland, Hiram Hubbell; Scriba, Theo. S. Morgan; Union Square, Avery Skinner; Williamstown, Samuel Freeman.

Murder in Palaski,

but nobody hurt, and it has been proved that the opening of the Boston Clothing Store in that village has been a great benefit to everybody, except to the other clothiers. The high prices in clothing and boots have been entirely killed in this section, and we don't see why everybody should not go there to get their clothing, boots, &c., as long as they are almost given away. Even if you live 50 miles off, go there for your own sake. Remember, remember times are hard.

M. LEVY,

Boston Clothing Store, Palaski, N. Y.

Sign of the Flag.

A New Hair Tonic Worth Having—It is the Best.

WOOD'S IMPROVED HAIR RESTORATIVE is unlike any other, and has no equal. The Improved has new vegetable tonic properties; restores gray hair to a glossy, natural color; restores faded, dry, harsh and falling hair; restores, dresses, gives vigor to the hair; restores hair to prematurely bald heads; removes dandruff, humors, scaly eruptions; removes irrita-tion, itching and scaly dryness. No article produces such wonderful effects. Try it. Call for Wood's Improved Hair Restorative, and don't be put off with any other article. Sold by all druggists in this place and dealers everywhere. Trade supplied at manufacturer's prices by C. A. Cook & Co., Chicago, Sole Agents for the United States and Canada, and by J. F. Henry, Curran & Co., New York. 44

The week ending from November 12-18, will be observed by Young Men's Christian Associations as a week of special prayer. It is expected that the week will be so observed throughout the Protestant world. The American Christian Associations have named Sunday, Nov. 12, as a day of thanksgiving. The American and Canadian Committees request pastors to preach special sermons on the morning of that day.

THOSE ACCRETIONS UPON THE SCALP which are termed dandruff are promptly removed by GLEN'S SULPHUR SOAP, which by opening the pores promotes the natural moisture of the hair.

—There will be a Sunday School Festival at the Colosse Baptist Church, Thursday evening, Nov. 9th, 1876.

—When you see "Uncle" John Driggs ask him to give his experience with the Centennial pickpockets. It is full of interest.

—William P. Irwin, brother of Theodore Irwin of Oswego, died in Albany Monday, after a few days' illness, of typhoid pneumonia, aged 43 years.

—It will be seen by an advertisement on the fourth page of the Independent that John C. Taylor is agent for Harrison Bros. & Co.'s Ready Mixed Paints.

—The Mexico Hayes and Wheeler Club have fitted up a room over L. L. Virgil's store, as their headquarters. It is quite attractive, both inside and out.

—At the annual session of the Baptist State Convention in Rochester, last week, Mr. O. M. Bond of Oswego, was elected one of the directors for three years.

—The average cigar, says the Scientific American, contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline and rubidine. Think of it—a whole laboratory for five cents.

CLOAKS & SHAWLS at MILTON S. PRICE'S.

I shall offer this Morning and Every Day this Week,

An Elegant Stock in a great variety of New Styles, Fine Imported Cloaks, Circulars, Sacques, etc., together with Great Bargains in Reversible Beaver Shawls, Velvet, Paisley, and Blanket Shawls, AT A GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Please examine these bargains at MILTON S. PRICE'S, Mammoth Stores, 38 and 40 South Salina St., Syracuse

New Books, To be found on Virgil's counter—

"The Laurel Bush," by the author of John Halifax Gentleman.

"Near to Nature's Heart," E. P. Roe.

"Every Day Topics," by Dr. J. G. Holland.

"Daniel Deronda," by George Eliott.

"Helen's Babies," the finest novel of the Centennial year. 50-4

Ladies' Hats. The undersigned would respectfully inform the ladies of Mexico and vicinity that they are prepared to do over ladies' Straw and Felt Hats, and re-block them in the latest styles.

Also Dress and Cloak Making, at No. 4 Mill St., near the Academy, Mexico, N. Y.

MRS. A. M. SPINKS, MISS MARY FITCH.

Oct. 26th, 1876.

Given up to Die—Cured.

Dr. Fennell's Golden Relief never fails in the worst cases of Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramp, Colic, Bloody Flux. It is especially valuable with children. Here is a sample case that speaks volumes for the remedy.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 30, 1872.

Dr. M. M. Fennell, Fredonia, N. Y.—Dear Sir—Our little Willie, 20 months old, has had the summer complaint, or "cholera infantum" as the doctors called it, all summer. The disease has been very fatal here this year, and Willie, like most of the other little sufferers was given up to die. As a last resort we gave him your Golden Relief, and you can imagine our gratitude when I tell you ten days of use it completely cured him. He was out of danger in three hours. We put three teaspoonfuls into one-half glass of sweetened water and gave him one teaspoonful of that mixture every few minutes till improvement began, then once in two hours, and finally only three times a day. We applied it full strength to his throat and tender abdomen outside.

Yours truly, MRS. O. A. DUNLAP.

Sold by E. L. Huntington, Druggist, Mexico, N. Y.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in every family. A slight cough, if unchecked, is often the forerunner of Consumption; and a timely dose of this wonderful medicine has rescued many from an early grave.

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Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

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THOSE ACCRETIONS UPON THE SCALP which are termed dandruff are promptly removed by GLEN'S SULPHUR SOAP, which by opening the pores promotes the natural moisture of the hair.

BUY PIRUNG'S Scrubbing Machine

OF GOIT & CASTLE.

This Mop cleans the floor and takes up all the dirt water into a box, without kneeling, stooping or wetting the hands. It differs from the Rubber Mop in having a box to receive and hold the dirty water until emptied, and is the only machine in the world which possesses that advantage.

NO CLOTH IS NEEDED. With it one person can do more work and it better, than five can with any other Mop.

Every Family Needs One. Saloons, Stores, and Offices in using it save its cost every week. Hotels will not be without them, and buy them by the Dozen. It is made of the very best material, is durable and lasts from three to five years. It saves more hard work than a Cloth-Wringer, that costs from \$5 to \$8. Price, \$2.00 each.

For sale by GOIT & CASTLE, Mexico, June 6, 1876.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL

—For 1876—

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We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

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so acceptable to our better class of readers, will during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

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This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

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In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

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Special facilities are afforded for instruction in all the branches taught in the best institutions of this grade.

For rooms, circulars, &c., apply to

CHAS. E. HAVENS, Principal.

OF LEWIS MILLER, Mexico, June 26, 1876.

Ho! For the Centennial

AND FOR

Penfield's CARRIAGE AND WAGON MANUFACTORY.

IT IS A FACT

That the undersigned is now selling his fine stock of

Platform Spring Wagons, PHAETON BUGGIES, Open Buggies,

AND LUMBER WAGONS,

Cheaper than Ever.

all and examine my stock and learn prices, and you will save money thereby, as I am determined to sell at prices to suit the times.

REPAIRING done with neatness and despatch.

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A complete list of American Newspapers, numbering more than eight thousand, with a Gazetteer of all the towns and cities in which they are published; Historical and Statistical Sketches of the Great Newspaper Establishments; illustrated with numerous engravings of the principal Newspaper Buildings. Book of 300 Pages, just issued, mailed, post paid, to any address for 35 cts. Apply (inclosing price) to SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEWSPAPER PAVILION, Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia, or American News Co., New York.

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